

A most pleasant Dialogue:

OR

A merry greeting betweene two louers,
How *Will* and *Nan* did fall at strife,
And at the last made man and wife
To the tune of *Lusina*.



Good morrow saies Nansie, whither so fast,
I pray sweet, whither are you walking?
Stand backe, Iack-sauce, I like not your cast,
I feare with Corcombe to be talking.
No rustick Clotne within the Towne,
Shall disturbe me, stop, stay, or hinder,
To talke with such a foole as thou:
no man shall thinke my wits so tender.

Thou knowst I am a Gentleman boyne,
and come of no small reputation:
My name will neuer be out woyn,
whilst Englishmen enjoy this Nation.
In forraigne Lands I haue bene proued
to be the leader of the battell,
Of Captaines Knights and Lords beloued,
when thundring Drums and Cannons rattle.

I heard indeed thou hadst bene prest,
and know the cause of it, beloue me:
Onely to get a man releast,
for which he 10. shillings gaue thee:
But being come into the place,
whilst others haue theiue their cunning,
Thou like a Coward wilt hide thy face,
and glad wert thou to be running.

I haue 3. hundred pounds a yere,
which shall be thine, if thou canst finde,
And lone the friend as may appeare,
all shall rebound to my sweet Nansie.
My birth also thou dost well know,
my Parentage doth grace our meeting:
Grant me thy lone, and thou shalt be
the spirit of my wealth, my sweeting.

As for thy wealth, keepe to thy selfe,
for seare heere - after thou shouldst want it:
I know a foole bestowed his pelfe,
and in small time he did recant it.
But for thy birth, I thinke on earth
the like was not by one nor other,
Long 7. yeres together, through wind & weather,
thou wast boyne at the backe of thy mother.

When I liued with my friends at home,
I went in like and rich arayment,
With Gallants I in Louernes court,
ten pound at once for ready payment
I did disburle out of my purse,
vnto the Wintner for good liker,
And so my Father allowed me to doe,
to make my wits and spirits quicker.

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The second part, to the same tune.



Much like unto a ruffian, rude, (wander,
thou dost 'mongst Pancks & Wanders
And company keptst with Strumpets lads,
as flocks of Geese keepe with the Gander.
To Tom of Bedlam wouldst thou slip,
all this is truth which I doe tell yet,
And eate the meate out of his scrip,
so glad wert thou to fill thy belly.

Why Nan, me thinks thou shouldst not chide,
nor put thy will to these disgraces:
Many faire Ladies I haue denyed,
which sought to win me with embraces.
Winny the wittie and Parnell the witty,
and Sis of the City haue sought vnto me.
Bess, Ioue, and Isabell: Sue, Alice & bonny Nell,
thought of me passing well, & Kate did woo me.

Since thou so many lones hast had,
and euery one of them doe forsake thee,
He shew thee how thou maist some be a Dad,
if thou wilt speed away be take thee.
Goe to Pickt-hatch, there is bounding Kate,
that for a good husband is like to miscarry,
If thou goest vnto her, and soundly dost woo her,
She' make thee a Dad the first day thou dost
(marry.

Will please you to the Tauerne goe,
and take a pint of Black or Clarret:
The Sugar cakes there haue also,
what euer it cost I will pay for it.
The good Black-bowls shall merrily trowle,
in Pectat shall your health goe counolly,
Then well-come licks my daintie duck,
may sit and see her selfe pledg'd soundly.

Thou boystrous Clovne, glue ouer the lute,
and leane thy sabling complication:
Speake wiser wordes, or else be wote,
I will be woe for thy commendation,
Thy lolly reu was both well disclose,
and shew thee to be a man of merite:
Thou'lt sit in a house, to drinke and carouse,
till thy nose looke like a Copper-kettle.

All these strange speeches which here are past,
shall neuer make me misse out my Nanny:
I trust to enjoy thy favour at last,
the woords in derision thou hast giuen me many
I for thy sake will vnder take,
to swim the Ocean like Leander.
Be thou to me like Penelope,
which in affection doo neuer wander.

Then heere's my hand, which Will at command
my heart also shall still procure,
Like faithfull Hero to thee He stand,
like dame Venus will I endure,
To keepe my Joy from disfull annoy,
He leane my life to thee the pleasure.
Take all thy selfe, my only sweet boy,
my Jewels, Rings, my gold and treasure.

Thanks gentle mistress of my heart,
my heart hath now giuen thee parting:
No Church let be gone out the post,
which yet be wote be time to parting:
In Raptall bands give hearts and hand,
which neuer can be separated.
Great Cresus gold thee sweetest,
could neuer be so highly rated.